DAIRY POINTS

RETAIN PUREBRED BULL CALF

Good Dairyman Knows Value of Young Animal in Way of Improving Grade Herd.

Nature has her own percentage rules which are as infallible, in the long run, as the dealer's margin at a Monte Carlo gambling resort. According to this inflexible law of averages, there are about as many bull calves born each year as there are heifer calves.

Every good dairyman knows the value of a purebred sire of good record, and what such an animal may accomplish in the way of improving a grade or scrub herd. Despite their acknowledged value, it appears that 75,000 purebred bull calves of dairy breeds were killed for veal or were fattened for beef in 1918.

A chart has been prepared by the dairy division, United States department of agriculture, which furnishes a graphic illustration of what happened to the purebred bull calves in 1918.

The line representing purebred Holstein-Friesian cows registered in 1918

Farmers Are Urged to Conserve Their Purebred Bull Calves Wherever Practical Instead of Butchering Them.

runs out to 90,000. The line for the bulls of this breed registered during the same year extends only to 30,000. The difference, 50,000, represents the approximate number of bull calves not registered. Presumably most of them were either vealed or fattened as steers.

The Jersey breed in 1918 registered 30,000 cows and about 12,000 bulls—a loss of 18,000 purebred sires, many of which might be more profitably employed in the work of improving scrub herds.

Guernsey and Ayrshire totals are less, but the percentage of loss is heavy there also.

In the face of this waste it is estimated that five grades or scrub bulls are in use for every purebred bull. According to experts of the United States department of agriculture the replacement of scrub and grade bulls with good purebreds would quickly and materially raise the average production of dairy herds. One of the reasons for the surprising situation outlined is probably an underdeveloped system of distribution.

THUNDERSTORMS SOUR MILK

Theory Held by Many People, but Authorities Attribute Trouble to Other Causes.

The season for thunderstorms is at hand and a good many farmers' wives will be concerned about the souring of the milk. The theory is held by a good many that thunder will sour the milk, but authorities say the souring should be attributed to other causes. They say that the souring is caused normally by the acidity which results from bacterial growth and sterilized milk will not sour during a thunderstorm. Neither will milk that is kept on ice. The probable explanation lies in the fact that during the storms of this kind the temperature is raised sufficiently to favor the multiplication of the milk-souring bacteria where the temperature is not regulated by the use of ice.

BENEFITS OF SILAGE ACIDS

Fermentation of Feed Has an Important Dietetic Value—Keeps Bowels Regulated.

The acidity of silage caused largely by the formation of lactic acid by the fermentation of the feed has an important dietetic value, regulating the bowels and checking undesirable putrefactive processes in the intestines. The favorable influence of silage on the health of animals has been commonly noted, and is probably due to the silage acids.

DAIRY NOTES

Wash the separator thoroughly after each separating.

* * *

A normal calf should have all the good roughage it will eat.

* * *

Roughage to the calf gives bulk to the feed and satisfies the normal appetite.

* * *

Neatness in your own appearance and that of your barn never impresses your visitors unfavorably.

* * *

People of the dairy countries in Europe always feed some straw in the ration and they get good results.

"AIN'T NO SUCH ANIMILE," BUT—

SOMEWHERE in "Darkest Africa" Capt. L. B. Stevens of England is searching for the prehistoric monster whose reported existence has been disturbing the scientific world more or less since 1903. It is supposed to be some sort of a dinosaur. Inasmuch as the dinosaur is a fifty-foot lizard that dates back to the "Age of Reptiles," which antedates man on this earth by anywhere from 60 to 600 millions of years, the scientists are naturally saying, with the country boy at the circus at sight of his first hippopotamus, "Gosh, there ain't no sich animile!"

Still there was such an animal once. And people are saying they have seen such an animal now. Hence Captain Stevens' expedition to Africa.

The earlier reports have been corroborated by two Belgian big-game hunters, who report sighting a huge beast of terrifying proportions and attributes. Mr. Gapelle, one of the Belgians, says his party caught a glimpse of a huge beast rending his way through the jungle verdure, which defied zoological analogy. He says it was in the general shape of a lizard, probably fifty feet long, with a thick tail like a kangaroo's, a hump on its back, and a terrifying horn on its snout. The monster was covered with scales, which were colored with great blood-red spots from which radiated pale green stripes.

A well-known English naturalist and collector, has written to the press that there is every reason to believe there is such an animal living in the heart of the unexplored jungles, if not great numbers of them. During his stay in Africa he heard the story from so many different sources, he says, that he is convinced there is some truth in it.

"Fifteen years ago, when collecting in the Transvaal, I heard an interesting story of a monster, half snake, half beast. My informant, of the Rhodesian police, who patrolled near Barotseland, said he had approached within a hundred yards of it while it was lying asleep on the border of a swamp. It was, he declared, a hundred feet long, and its strange appearance so frightened him that it awakened and glided into the swamp before he could raise his gun. It traveled noiselessly and with great speed.

"The country round about was quite unexplored. My friend told me that I was the first to whom he had mentioned the story, as he was afraid to tell his comrades because they would have laughed at him.

"Once again when I was on the French Kongo seaboard I heard fearful stories from the native hunters of the monster. I also heard the same stories on the way to the Belgian Kongo, where the present so-called brontosaurus is supposed to have been seen. When you hear stories from three or four widely different sources I believe there is some truth in them. You must remember that if you travel to Fernan Fuz and Sette Cama and go up into the interior, most of the country has never been explored. What creatures live in its vast mysteries we do not know. Whether the so-called brontosaurus is a prehistoric survival or not I would not care to say. I firmly believe the creature exists, but I believe it is an unknown creature of more modern descent.

"The brontosaurus, or whatever the strange creature is, makes use of its legs and its body—it glides. I should imagine it is a very dangerous creature. But that it is not all a fairy-tale I am certain. I have been there, and I have talked with natives who will not pass a certain boundary into an 'evil land' because of the huge monsters which live in its remote solitudes."

Walter Winans, an American living in London, the pistol champion and a big-game hunter, also believes in the existence of this creature.

"The late Carl Hagenbeck told me before the war," Mr. Winans said, "that two of his travelers, on different expeditions and in different years, had seen the brontosaurus in swamps in central Africa. I do not think it is impossible that some of the prehistoric animals have survived, and when several explorers have seen glimpses of what they think must be such animals they are most probably right. It is not as if some one not used to recognizing them instantly saw wild animals for the first time. These men are always on the lookout for new species and know all the animals by sight.

"It is possible that the sea-serpent is one of these so-called extinct reptiles, and that the dodo may still exist somewhere not yet explored. The quagga, too, which existed until a few years ago, may still live in some unexplored part of Africa and the mammoth and the cave bear still wander in Siberia."

Mr. Winans went further to satisfy the English public and drew an outline of what this animal probably looks like. With that picture, which appeared in the Evening News, he appended this bit of descriptive argument:

"The scientists draw this beast standing on its legs, as a mammal would. Now no mammalian animal has the combined heavy tail and long neck this animal has. A kangaroo has the heavy tail, but it is built very light in front, with only short rudimentary legs. It uses its tail as a third leg, in combination with its two hind legs and works on a tripod so formed. The giraffe has a long neck, but it is built light behind, and its tail is so light that it practically has no weight in comparison. The giraffe carries its head high so as not to put a leverage on it.

"Now the brontosaurus is heavy both in the tail and the neck, which, besides, are both very long. If it stood as the scientists draw it, the tail and neck would overbalance it and a slight puff of wind from the side would blow it over. It is ridiculous to think that an animal a hundred feet long would have legs close together in the middle and have three-quarters of its length sticking out in front and behind unsupported in the air. My idea is that the brontosaurus was a reptile, practically a crocodile, with a snake-like neck. And not a mammal, that it carried itself as a crocodile does, that is, crawled on its belly when on land and did not walk on straight legs.

"I think it crawled with its neck drawn back so as to strike like a cobra and most likely had poisonous fangs. In fact, it was a big poisonous lizard, and that it was brilliantly colored, like them, and perhaps discharged poison through its skin like a toad when irritated.

"The best weapon to shoot it with would be the magnified Mauser rifle, such as the Germans used against tanks, only with an explosive shell instead of an armor-piercer. If I were younger I should be off after him."

Anyway, the monster is sufficiently real to have set the scientists disputing about his possibility, his identity and his looks. They call him all sorts of names—brontosaurus, triceratops, brosaurus, tylosaurus and so on. One expert writes to the press:

"The animal in question can not be a brontosaurus, if the illustration in H. G. Wells' book, 'Outlines of History,' are correct. The illustrations show a very different creature from the descriptions in the newspapers of this one. What this one really appears to be is a triceratops, only that animal has two horns."

Another zoologist heaps scorn on the entire idea, asserting that while he believes there are undiscovered animals living in the heart of Africa, he doubts that a dinosaur or any other primeval beast exists anywhere today. He writes:

"The period in which they lived is incredibly remote as man counts time. Their bones are found in the strata of the Eocene period. The brontosaurus was remarkable for his very small head and small brain cavity. His whole skull was no larger than his neck bone. The name means 'thunder beast,' and one species was well over fifty feet in length and weighed probably twenty tons or more."

The evolution of man has been a long process—so long that the geologists and other scientists prefer to dodge the question of the millions of years involved and reckon in eras, an era being anywhere from six to 45 millions of years. They call the first era Archeozoic; it is ancient beyond all knowledge. Then comes the Proterozoic, with its very primitive forms of water life, lasting 35 millions of years. The Paleozoic, with fish, amphibians and land plants, lasted 45 millions. The Mezozoic, the age of reptiles and amphibians and of trees, saw the first mammals; it lasted 16 millions of years. The present era, the Cenozoic, has seen the rise and development of the highest orders of plants and animals and the appearance of man; its duration to date is put at 6 million years.

So that's what we are up against when we talk of there being at large in Africa a survivor of the Age of Reptiles.

Anyway, we know these reptiles actually existed because we find their fossil remains pretty much all over the world. Why, these fossils are so thick out in Utah, U. S. A., that we have the Dinosaur National monument. You see, once upon a time, the waves of an open sea rolled over the spot where now stands Long's peak (14,255 feet), "King of the Rockies." In this sea sported the marine monster of long ago and on its shores lived the grotesque creatures of the Age of Reptiles. Then the Rocky Mountains heaved themselves up and this great inland sea had to run off into the Arctic ocean and the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific. And then the rains washed down the mountains and filled up the plains with the scourings.

Some of the creatures in this inland sea got mired and their bones are now found petrified in a remarkably perfect state of preservation. And it's no trick for a scientist who knows his business to reconstruct an animal from his bones.

Mr. Gapelle's monster seems to suggest the armored dinosaur, Stegosaurus. If that's the fellow, he isn't dangerous. He's herbivorous. He's scarcely any brains at all; that's why he is armored to protect him from his enemies. He's about 20 feet long and 10 feet high.

The Tylosaurus, "half snake half beast," isn't a Dinosaur, but a Mosasaur, though that probably makes no particular difference. He's a seaserpentish sort of thing and probably requires more water than a morass affords.

The Brontosaurus, according to the restoration herewith reproduced, doesn't look especially formidable, except for his size.

The dinosaur that seems best able to pay his way and keep on going is the Allosaurus. He's got teeth and claws and looks as if he might move rapidly.

However, the fact that the African dinosaur does not seem to be exactly like any of his prehistoric relatives proves nothing. It may be that the fellow Captain Stevens is after has evoluted like the rest of the world and is prepared to present something entirely new in dinosaurs. Why should he not have developed? He's had at least six million years in which to improve himself.

"The Outlines of History," H. G. Wells' new book, considers these early monsters quite fully: He says in one place:

"The earliest-known reptiles were beasts with great bellies and not very powerful legs, very like their kindred amphibia, wallowing as the crocodile wallows to this day; but in the Mesozoic they soon began to stand up and go stoutly on all fours, and several great sections of them began to balance themselves on tail and hind legs, rather as the kangaroos do now. Another division was the crocodile branch, and another developed toward the tortoise and the turtles. The Plesiosaurs and the Ichthyosaurs were two groups which left no living representatives. Plesiosaurus measured 300 feet from snout to tail tip—of which half was neck.

"The Mosasaurs were a third group of great porpoiselike marine lizards. But the largest and most diversified group of these Mesozoic reptiles was the group we have spoken of as kangaroolike, the Dinosaurs, many of which attained enormous proportions. In bigness these greater Dinosaurs have never been exceeded, although the sea can still show in the whales creatures as great. Some of these, and the largest among them, were herbivorous animals; they browsed on rushy vegetation and among the ferns and bushes, or they stood up and grasped trees with their forelegs while they devoured the foliage.

"Among the browsers, for example, were the Diplodocus carnegii, which measured 84 feet in length, and the Atlantosaurus. The Gigantosaurus, disinterred by a German expedition in 1912 from rocks in East Africa, was still more colossal. It measured well over 100 feet! These greater monsters had legs, and they are usually figured as standing up on them; but it is very doubtful if they could have supported their weight in this way out of water. Buoyed up by water or mud they may have got along.

"Another noteworthy type we have figured is the Triceratops. There were also a great number of flesh eaters, who preyed upon these herbivores. Of these, Tyrannosaurus seems almost the last word in 'frightfulness' among living things. Some species of this genus measured 40 feet from snout to tail. Apparently it carried this vast body kangaroo fashion, on its tail and hind legs. Probably it reared itself up. Some authorities even suppose that it leapt through the air. If so, it possessed muscles of a quite miraculous quality. Much more probably it waded, half submerged, in pursuit of the herbivorous river saurians."

And along with these terrible beasts were batlike creatures. "These bat-lizards were the pterodactyls. But birdlike though they were, they were not birds, nor the ancestors of birds. The structure of their wings was that of a hand with one long finger and a web; the wing of a bird is like an arm with feathers projecting from its hind edge. And these pterodactyls had no feathers."

All of these creatures have disappeared from the face of the earth, Wells says. They ended abruptly. They were extinguished, as though by the waving of a magic wand, perhaps in order to make place for man; and Wells says that the ending of the reptiles is beyond all question the most striking revolution in the whole history of the earth before the coming of mankind.

"It is probably connected with the close of a vast period of equable warm conditions and the onset of a new, austerer age, in which the winters were bitterer and the summers brief, but hot."

TO BOARD OR NOT

By JESSIE A. PARSONS.

"That proves what I have always said," interrupted Mrs. Doane, "that two generations ought not to live together. If Molly thinks her mother interferes with the children, how much worse it would be if it were Tom's mother who was living with them."

This unfortunate comment kindled an idea in the irresponsible head of pretty Mrs. Benton, who tactlessly gave it expression.

"How is Victor's mother, dear? It didn't seem to me she was looking very well the last time I went to see her."

"She couldn't have anyone better to do for her than Kate Stephens," replied Mrs. Doane. "As to not looking well, there's nothing whatever the matter with her except that she's always brooding over the loss of her money."

"Perhaps she misses her home, Ruth. It was very lovely and Kate Stephens' house is anything but homelike, even if she is a tower of strength." Then, seeing that something was wrong, she turned her remarks into another channel. "How wonderfully warm they keep you here!" she exclaimed as she took leave.

"That's a splendid point about the Gates house," agreed Mrs. Doane.

The visitor had hardly turned the corner of the street before Mr. Doane returned for the evening meal. In the dining room a light suspended in a garish dome of kaleidoscopic glass tried to lend a festive air to the occasion and to counteract the effect of the smoke-tinged wall paper. There were two long tables and two small ones in the unoccupied corners. At one of the latter sat Mr. and Mrs. Doane. Tonight it was impossible for them to exchange a word as the occupants of one of the long tables—young men from the mill—were a little more hilarious than usual.

"The tide's out, Lizzie," bawled one youth, as he thrust into the hands of the bewildered waitress an empty milk pitcher.

Mr. Doane wearily pushed back his plate with a sigh, glad to reach the quiet of his room, where he sank into a chair near the table and began to fill his pipe.

"Don't smoke tonight," protested his wife. "I've a splitting headache," and she moved her chair near the open window.

Now Mr. Doane wanted especially to smoke, not only for the stimulus it gave his jaded nerves, but also to brace him to lay before his wife what from previous experience he knew would be an unwelcome proposition.

He laid down his pipe, however, and began. "Taylor told me today of a great bargain he has in a house. It's new, convenient, and the most attractive place in the town, and he is willing to hold it for us a day or two. Won't it be fine to have our own home, Ruth, with everything just as we want it, and get away from this distracting place?"

Mrs. Doane drew a golden tendril from her beautiful hair and wound it around her finger for a moment before speaking. Every word came slowly and deliberately from pouted lips.

"Victor, you know very well, after the time I was hurt last winter the doctor said I must be careful, so I couldn't possibly do housework. Now don't interrupt by saying there will be maids. This is a mill town, with its endless procession entering the mills and leaving one for days without any help."

Then because she hadn't yet learned that too many excuses weaken a cause, she added: "Think how horrid it would be for you if the furnace man should be sick and you might even have to shovel snow, to say nothing of the extra expenses."

After much patient arguing, Mr. Doane knew that the only thing was to tell his brother, John, who lived in a small apartment and wanted a house, about the bargain.

John's wife, Mildred, came to see Ruth the next day. She was beaming with happiness over the thought of having a real home. Although not as beautiful as Ruth, she was most attractive in her animation.

"And we've asked Mother Doane to come and live with us!" she exclaimed. "She is such a wonderful woman and misses her old home so much."

But Mother Doane died suddenly before the young people moved. Ruth put on the black gown she had worn to the funeral and went with her husband to the office of Mr. Gray, the lawyer, to hear the will read.

Mr. Gray explained that Mrs. Doane had made her will six months before, after a visit from her physician, who told her she could not live more than a year. Her money had not been lost in a foolish investment as every one but himself had thought. She merely wanted to find out how many people loved her for herself. Then, in his customary dry manner, with a slight rustle of paper and adjusting of spectacles, Mr. Gray read in a monotonous voice many things without interest until he came to the following:

"I give and bequeath to my oldest son, John, $500, to my younger son, Victor, $500, and the residue of my estate I give and bequeath to Mildred, beloved wife of my son, John."

Various minor bequests followed, and the will ended with the bequeathal of "my heavy cashmere shawl to my daughter-in-law, Ruth."